

# Religious and Patriotic Celebrations of Ireland

It Has Been Said that the Emerald Isle Has a Fight or Legend to Mark Every Day of the Year.

The Civic Celebrations—Feasts and Fasts Mark the Many Anniversaries—No Country in the World Is Richer in Resources From Which to Draw for Holidays—Ancient and Spectacular History Fairly Teems With Tradition—Marking the Birthdays of the Heroes and Heroines—St. Patrick Leads the List in Religious Devotion—Every Step in His Life Revered and Honored by Observances—St. Patrick's Day as It Is Observed in Ireland—Merrymaking After the Religious Services Are Completed.



DEATH OF BRIAN BORU.

CELEBRATIONS are countless in Ireland. Some one has said that Ireland has a fight or a legend to mark every day of the year, and she does mark her anniversaries, not so much by parades, for that is more the American method, but by feasts and fasts, pilgrimages, penances, merrymakings and great demonstrations.

No country in the world is richer in resources from which to draw for anniversaries and holidays, for she has the most ancient and spectacular history teeming with noteworthy events; a vast wealth of tradition and legends to be kept alive by yearly attention and religious ceremonies. Then, too, look at her wars, the battles, the victories, the defeats and the great army of heroes in the numerous civil and international conflicts which have marked the rise and fall of her government, her culture, her progress and her wealth.

Through the centuries which have measured her existence Ireland has passed from the pinnacle of attainment in art and letters to struggle up once more to her rightful place. To her people all of these illustrious events, from the long road of defiance against extinction and conquest are treasured as sacredly as their religious traditions and observed with fully as much ardor.

Beginning with Erin's adoption of Christianity, St. Patrick leads the list in religious devotion, and every step in his life, his daily ministry, his miracles and his death are all revered and honored by devout observances. The anniversary of his death is given universal attention, not only in Ireland, but also throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world wherever Irish people are to be found.

In Ireland, because of the bleak, unfavorable weather usually prevailing in March, outdoor demonstration in the form of parades is not as popular as it is in the United States. Instead, the death of the patron saint, which occurred March 17, A. D. 432, in the one hundred and twenty-first year of his age, is marked by sermons in both the Catholic and Protestant churches of the island, since both sects claim him as their own, and to the great satisfaction of the few who understand it there are also sermons preached in Gaelic.

"This day is more of a holy day than a holiday, but, true to their national mercurial temperament, when the church obligations are over the day is given up to enjoyment and merrymaking of a type peculiar to Ireland.

Joseph D. Sullivan, secretary of the Irish home-going movement, and a national officer of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, has made various tours through the land of his forefathers, and has both witnessed and participated in various celebrations in different parts of the land of the shamrock. He says of them:

"There is no lack of celebrations in the Emerald Isle. Some of them are religious in their nature, others are in honor of patriotic events, and still others are of a local or neighborhood character.

"The best known of these is the annual pilgrimage to Croagh Patrick, the lofty mountain which towers in majestic grandeur on the western coast. There it is that St. Patrick often retired to meditate in solitude and silence high above the haunts of men. On top of this mountain he collected all of the loads, snakes and reptiles from every part of the island, and driving them down into the sea before him, destroyed them. All perished save one, and its reptile was but brief, since it was chased by the saint south into County Kerry.

"He overtook it in the gap of Dunloe, where, in a small lake, since named Serpent lake, it, too, met extinction. To commemorate this, a bonfire of snakes from their country, 5,000 to 6,000 people come from all parts of the island every year on the third Sunday in August for a Sunday picnic.

"But this is not as extensive nor as important as the annual pilgrimage to Lough Derg. This is of a more serious nature, calling for genuine religious

zeal, since Lough Derg is somewhat of a wilderness and those who make the visitation must go barefooted, bareheaded and sleep out of doors, as there are no hotels or houses accessible. Moreover, there is a requirement that those participating shall observe a fast for three days, eating nothing but dry bread and drinking only water. This is done in imitation of the penance imposed upon himself by St. Patrick upon this spot. Here, too, many thousands of rich and poor, professional men and laborers, mingle together on an equality, and a noticeable fact is that many of the pilgrims are advanced age.

"Indeed, one cannot travel in Ireland without being constantly reminded of the nation's saint, whose fame never diminishes. No man has ever impressed his individuality upon a country to such a degree as he. In one place a mountain is venerated, because there he was wont to pray; in another there will be a well, a lake or a church associated with his name.

"At Downpatrick he founded the first of his churches, and it is here that his remains were deposited after his death. An annual pilgrimage in his honor to his grave also has its thousands of attendants. Over in the west, the visitor will be shown, near Kibbangan, the print of his two knees made in the rock where the holy man knelt in prayer with his disciple, St. Benen."

"What is the idea of these pilgrimages?" Mr. Sullivan was asked.

He replied: "All of them are for a great number, as there are so many places associated with the name of St. Patrick to which great throngs of people journey each year, go with the idea of this expressing their respect and veneration to their patron saint for having brought the blessing of Christianity to the Irish people."

These gatherings have been the patriotic celebrations to mark off quite a number of days. The birthday of Emmet, always observed by a great demonstration. Sometimes this takes the form of a parade, but usually it is a monster meeting at the grounds in Dublin, and meetings in town halls throughout the land, with laudatory addresses.

"Parnell is always remembered by assemblies held in his honor. One of the most popular demonstrations that Dublin ever witnessed was the parade at the unveiling of the monument to Charles Stewart Parnell in that city about three years ago. So, too, the anniversaries of the deaths of Larkin, Allen and O'Brien, popularly known as the 'Manchester martyrs,' are yearly the occasions of demonstrative meetings upon the part of the Clan-na-Gael.

"Another occasion for great activity comes around every July, when on the 12th and 13th the descendants of the followers of William of Orange not only parade in memory of the battle of the Boyne, but the 'Battle of Scary' is commemorated by a sham battle where King James is annually slaughtered to satisfy the multitude, and his followers are ignominiously routed. This event loses none of its zest through the yearly repetition, nor has its glory lost any of its luster through the years that the original enactment occurred in 1690. It forms the principal public celebration of the city of Belfast.

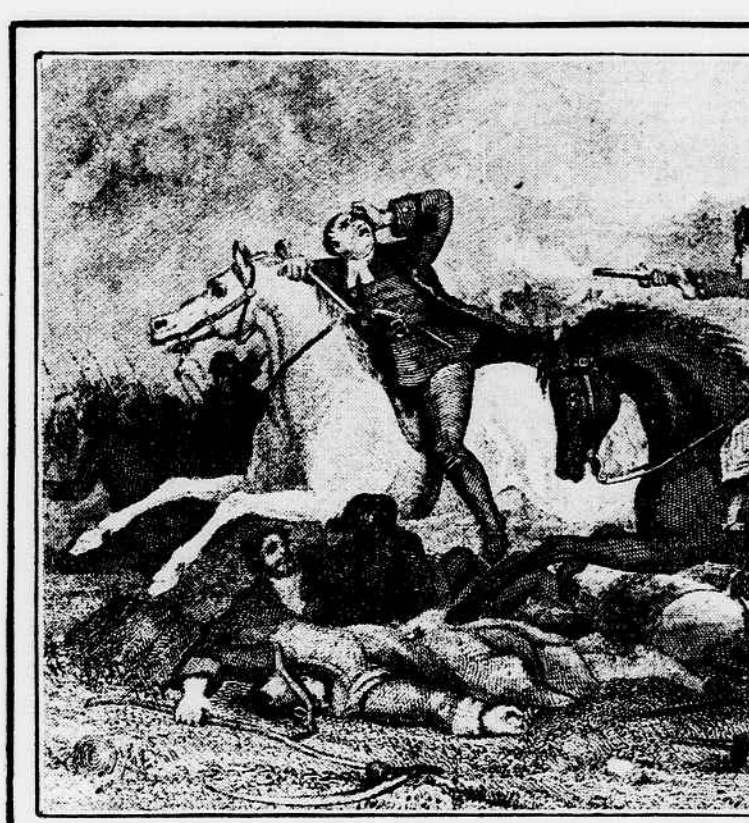
"By no means the least of these gala occasions are those held in honor of local patriots, whose time is thus kept alive in the sections in which they lived. Among these are the celebrations in honor of Patrick Sarsfield at Limerick, Father Sheehy at Clonkeel and Father John Murphy at Westford, where Vinegar Hill is still remembered.

"The battle of Vinegar Hill was the last memorable engagement of the Irish rebellion. Here, June 21, 1798, the British troops under the command of Gen. Kempt, gradually surrounded the insurgents under Father John Murphy and after a fierce struggle totally dispersed the rebels. The leaders were arrested and hanged, among them Father Murphy. The Irish rebellion cost about 150,000 Irish lives and about 20,000 English. In this section the rebellion assumed a sectarian character. Most of the rebels were Roman Catholics, though many of the leaders were Protestants. The uprising was unprepared and the result of atrocities.

"This city, for its modest means, is always Europe's greatest gambling center. A respectable amusement, which enables one to have a spree without the strict moral law prohibitions against 'unseemly amusements,' in view of the gravity of the crime, which in any case you may never see again.

"The quarter north of the Vienna railroad is full of gambling halls. There are about a hundred refugee families which spend day and night playing baccarat. One hears strange tales. Here, in mid-December, came a Polish landed gentleman, who owns many buildings in Lodz and Lowitsch. His twenty thousand sheep were eaten by the Russians and Germans, and he brought here a hoard of \$200,000 in gold and thousands of German promises to pay for his sheep. He explained that he was ruined. He started to gamble with other ruined proprietors. He gambled away his property, and then his reversion to rights to a brother's property; then he gambled away his jewelry. Soon he had nothing left but pockets of German promises to pay. He staked a nominal \$2,000 worth of promises as \$1,500, and lost everything. He resolved to commit suicide. But in the midst of happy Polish do not commit suicide, and he got a job as interpreter of Russian, Polish and German, and is now on the Havela river, probably gambling in a dugout. He is not the only man who has lost land. A big estate at Plock which formerly belonged to the great Czartoryskis was won back at baccarat last week by a member of the family. A ball was given to celebrate the event.

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FATHER CLINCH AT VINEGAR HILL.

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Maenmortha, who had usurped the crown of Leinster in 929, by the assistance of the Danes, attended a celebration at Kincore, where he met King Brian, eldest son of King Brian, and several other of Brian's sons and Maenmortha were killed.

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with greater pride than the battle of Clontarf, which occurred Good Friday, April 23, A. D. 1014, 901 years ago. This battle marked the defeat of the Danes and was the last great struggle between Christianity and paganism.

Toward the end of the ninth century, when Ireland's wealth and prosperity made her the object of so many marauding invasions, Brian Boru, the archduch or overlord of Ireland, succeeded in driving out all of the Danes with the exception of a few merchants, who were too useful in drawing commerce. At this period it was said that the laws were so rigidly enforced that a woman could traverse the length and breadth of the land, bedecked with jewels, and be safe from molestation.

Just as many other battles of earlier and later days were the result of rivalry

much engaged in a game of chess. After watching a while, Maenmortha advised a move to the other player which lost Morogh the game. The latter, in a sneering tone, remarked that if Maenmortha had given his friends, the Danes his good advice, the battle of Glenmarga, they would not have been so great an overthrow.

To the Danes the game applied, in bitter anger. My instructions to them the next time shall guide them to victory. Morogh, with unexcelled contempt, bade him defiance, whereupon the Leinster man became so incensed that he shut himself in his room and declined to appear at the banquet. After a night spent in plotting revenge, even at his country's expense, he departed at dawn, without a word, to his host, King Brian, who sent a herald after him to endeavor to make peace, but he killed the messenger and sent his defiance back to the king.

Maenmortha straightaway began to stir the Danes and try to get the other provinces to join him in making war upon Brian. The Danes were eager for another chance at the rich monasteries. At this time Ireland had twelve big cities and many bishoprics.

Vikings from Norway, Sweden and Aurland, with 1,000 picked warriors, covered with glittering mail, troops from Sweden and the Orkneys, landed in force to assist Maenmortha, while the King of Denmark sent his two sons at the head of an army of 12,000, all of whom landed in Dublin and put themselves under the Leinster standard. From the arrival of his allies, Maenmortha sent a challenge to Brian to meet him in battle at Clontarf upon a Sunday.

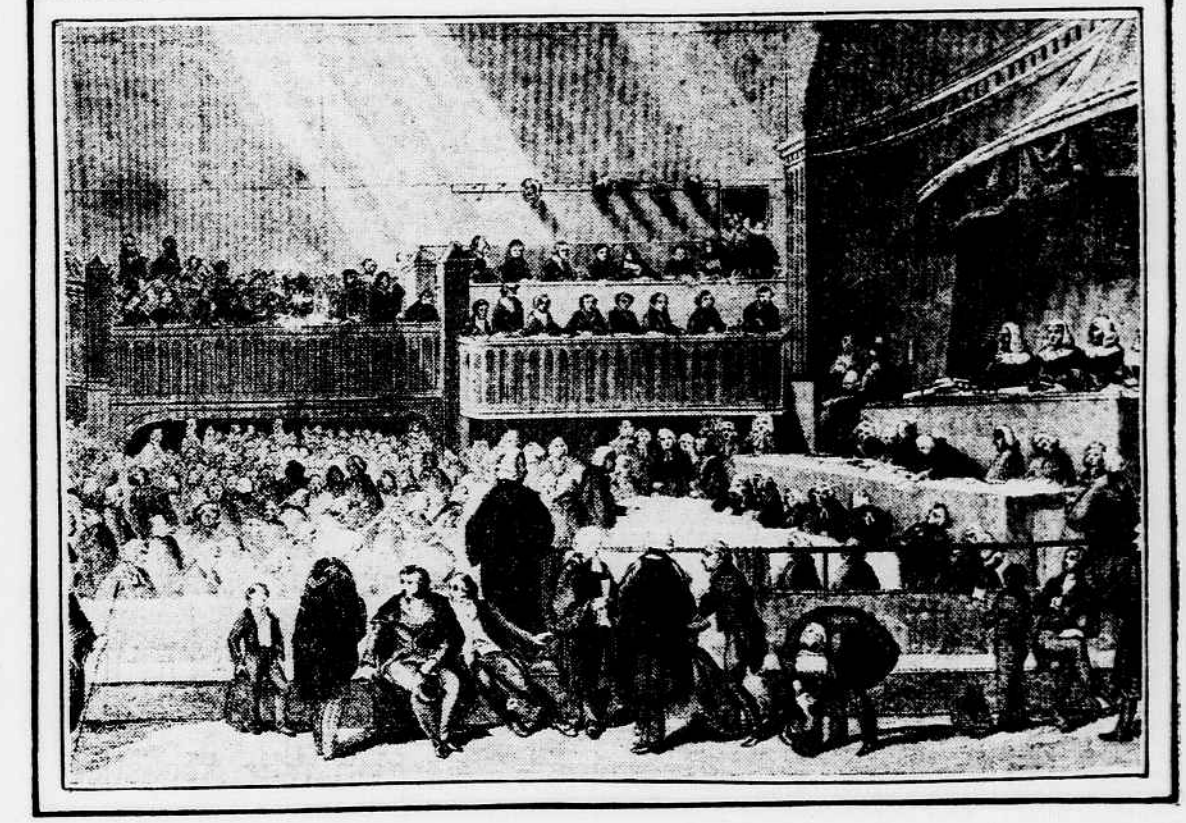
Brian declined to wage war Sunday but could not refuse, so beside his son, Prince Morogh, he mounted his horse and rode through the ranks of his soldiers with the crucifix in his left hand and his gold-hilted sword in his right, urging them to avenge the land's invaders. Brian was then eighty-eight, and his chieftains insisted that he keep out of battle and that he remain in his tent to pray for victory.

The famous battle began at sunrise and lasted until dark. The Danes being thoroughly routed, so that with the turn of the tide those that were left sailed away. Just when the enemy were in full retreat, however, the Viking observing that for this moment King Brian was alone in his tent on his knees, made a dash for him and gave him a death blow, but not before Brian, with a last supreme effort, managed to give Brian a mortal wound. Morogh and several other of Brian's sons and Maenmortha were killed.

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THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.



TRIAL OF DANIEL O'CONNELL, FEBRUARY, 1844.

## CAPITAL OF POLAND FIDDLES, WITH THE GERMAN ARMY AT ITS GATES

Special Correspondence of The Star.

WARSAW, March 1. POLAND is a wondrous land. The nearer it is to the war, the merrier it feels, the more reckless in civilians, the more distraction, the more amusement, the more insouciant indifference. I have been through Poland from safe Brest-Litovsk, on the eastern fringe, to points west of Warsaw, where German shells explode. The calmest part of the country, I find, is where you can see the shells and the noisiest, noisiest part is Brest-Litovsk, on the eastern fringe, to points west of Warsaw, where German shells explode. The calmest part of the country, I find, is where you can see the shells and the noisiest, noisiest part is Brest-Litovsk, on the eastern fringe, to points west of Warsaw, where German shells explode.

The war is good as "news." Some complain languidly that the shell thunder gives them headaches, but no one fears that the shells may break their heads. West of here you get into a region of slaughter, flame and noise. Villages, and people are still happier. They are absorbed in family quarrels. In the low affairs of some soldier men, in the theft of somebody's hens. At Jaktorow railroad depot, which is on the Vienna line, I heard two men quarreling about a Warsaw picture show hero's nationality. Shells were falling not far off, and you could see flaming villages. Once or twice the disputants looked idly at the flames. Then they resumed their argument about the picture show. It ended only when the abler dialectician proved that the hero was not an Italian but a Swede.

Warsaw's motto is "Business as usual." This means "Business better than usual." Hotels are crowded with happy refugees landed proprietors and happy ruined millionaires from Lodz who have bankrupt almost as comfortably as a Wall Street man. Everywhere you find Pan Paskievitch and Pan Konkievitch. In the Bristol Hotel consuming Warsaw's last bottle of champagne, or going to a masked ball.

Warsaw stores, especially jewelers, are doing business better than usual. Jewelers say their trade is brisker than at any time since the Jap war. The reason is the Scriptural: "Eat, drink (the last bottle of champagne) and be merry, for tomorrow you die." Warsaw feels that tomorrow anything may happen. The Germans may be defeated, and rubles in millions may be poured into Warsaw to repair the damage done. Or the Germans may take the city, and then, what does it matter? There may be a siege, and as in that case the houses will be burned it is best to mortgage the houses and

spend the money in having a good time. Don't figure the expense! That is the Polish temperament. It is an indifference to the war, the more reckless in civilians, the more distraction, the more amusement, the more insouciant indifference. I have been through Poland from safe Brest-Litovsk, on the eastern fringe, to points west of Warsaw, where German shells explode. The calmest part of the country, I find, is where you can see the shells and the noisiest, noisiest part is Brest-Litovsk, on the eastern fringe, to points west of Warsaw, where German shells explode.

All this is the result of being near the war and having got used to its horrors and charms. In another Moscow, which is far away and dreads the war as an unknown thing, no dinner parties or balls are being given. Here there are balls every night. The big ball at the Bristol Hotel is requisitioned. Ruined Pan Paskievitch or Pan Konkievitch, who has lost everything he owns, except \$700 and five marriageable daughters, spends the dollars and the daughters on a magnificent dance. At midnight the guests make a trip to the hotel roof to listen to the cannon roar, or it is a bad mesquite. Pretty maid turns up disguised as "bread-bought," "the Zampinos," and you see a dance between a "moujik soldier" and a "france rider." There are the words are "paleont," which means "machine gun" and "napade," which means attack.

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the bourgeoisie) is listening to the guns. One can make bets about them every day citizens march along the Vola road, which ends at Lodz, and some lucky men dodge the endless transport trains and get near the battle. Also they look into the horizon with joyful zeal for flames of burning houses. On a Sunday afternoon some kind watchers telephone into town to say that the road is fairly free. Then Vienna depot an hour before the train arrives. The cars are drawn by the sorry Japs. Also you see some battered automobiles too bad to be used for transport.

When Hindenburg's march on Warsaw seemed stayed on the Bzura and Rakwa, the kind railroad authorities put on an ordinary passenger train to Gharloff, a factory town only a few miles behind the firing line. Any one could travel to Gharloff. I wanted to go. When I got to the Vienna depot an hour before the train was due to pull out, I found all cars full of well dressed Varsovians and a burning shrapnel shell was due to the battle as they could.

Some had to spend the night in the barracks. All the houses were occupied by the military. Songs were sung, and a dance held in a room where the military were. The fighting line by pretending that she wanted to distribute cigarettes. Gawkiness of smart society to see the war was led to trouble. The first time it was October 10, when the Germans got to Prushkowsk, and women decided to go and see the enemy. They marched to Prushkowsk and got within four miles of the German artillery positions. The Germans took them for an infantry patrol, sent along a shrapnel shell which burst in front of the tourists and killed four. The survivors ran home in panic.

Next day more tourists came, and a "rubber-neck" coach company organized a trip to two roubles a head. The coach was stopped in Russian sentries. When it had got a few yards back the sentries were shot down by concealed Germans. It is hard for Varsovians to get to the battlefield now, but from near Gharloff they can sometimes see burning shrapnel shells falling down the Vistula. A steamer full

of tourists went past the Novogorodsk fortress nearly as far as Plock. A volley of bullets came. Two were wounded. Some men, who had been put ashore to look at German lands. All Poland is like this. After a battle has raged a week in their villages the villagers get used to it and cheer into the firing line. Many have been killed. Even the refugees are merry while on the road.

Merriest of all are the rich refugees who have come in here or are coming here after their chateaux have been burned. At Lowitsch is the famous Arcadia Palace, which belongs to Prince Radziwill and has tons of statues and pictures. When Hindenburg began to advance on Lodz a dozen West Lalsch landowners met at Lowitsch. They had lost nearly everything, but they turned up in state in handsome carriages with outriders. They brought their families and a hundred servants. As Lowitsch was crowded by the staff they decided to take possession of Arcadia Palace. They arranged themselves in the palace and put up some of their servants in Sawly village, which is close by. For three days there was continuous eating, drinking and dancing. Some rich lady, who was arranged, and gamblers who had ready money lost it.

On the night before their leaving for Warsaw the refugees gave a ball. They had the cheek to invite the Russian staff, but the staff was engaged in dealing more than dancing. On the ball night the Germans attacked along the Bzura river and a cavalry squadron, with horse artillery, got near Lowitsch. The artillerymen assumed that the brilliantly lighted palace was occupied by the Russian staff, and they sent into it a dozen shells, which smashed the roof and the left side of the facade. The merry fugitives put out the lights, and as the enemy lost the range they danced in the dark.

Early next morning the refugees started for here. The Germans again shot the palace. On the way a refugee woman complained that she had left behind a fan. M. Tiersnowski, a landed magnate from Petrofok, sent through the shells to fetch it and had his head blown off. Another Pole went back to see what had happened. He buried the body and came back with the fan. At Wiskitka, half way between Lowitsch and here, was held another dance. Two refugees quarreled over a woman and fought a duel.

Warsaw's great misery is not the war, but the fact that it cannot get a drink. The authorities are sternly imposed the new sobriety laws. A five-thousand-dollar fine was imposed on the last man detected selling brandy. Governor General Engelhardt threatens that the next lawbreaker will be sent to jail for two years. The drink famine gets worse and worse. First you can get anything except vodka. State vodka sold in Poland contains 55 per

cent of alcohol, and is much stronger than Russian. Later you were forbidden to buy wine, and now even beer is prohibited. Six breweries, two of them German, are closed. The only drinks now are in Count Zamoyasky's "blue palace," in the Bank of Poland, where bottles of wine. A burglar made a hole under the street, broke into the cellar and carried off 250 bottles. These were sold at an average price of \$20 a bottle.

In the streets are some drunkards of working class. The police pounce on them, carry them off to the rathaus and send them to jail for three months. These workmen get drunk on ether, can de colorate and furniture polish. Only a Polish stomach would stand furniture polish. The army is abundant sober. There is no wine on any general's table. This is a change from Manchurian days. Then champagne dined his water.

Warsaw's levity offends some good people, especially the Catholics. The Catholics think that the Germans are thundering men should not be gambling, and that does not come on Warsaw as chastisement for its sins. In the Church of the Annunciation, one of the city's most famous (it holds the heart of Sobieski), Dr. Pichmann, rector of the church government, preached a sermon in which he declared that frivolous Warsaw is tempting Providence. He said that Kaiser Wilhelm may have been chosen by God to test whether in the hour of peril we will act as good Christians or as Neros, who dined when his capital was in flames.

Some critics men resented these remarks and they began an inquiry to show that frivolous Warsaw is immersed in the new sobriety laws. There are three Christian and two Jewish committees looking after refugees, twenty organizations for the care of war orphans. But even in charity, the frivolous spirit appears. A committee appealed for warm dresses for refugee women. Out of every ten dresses sent in five were ball dresses or society dresses with trains.

All this is in the psychology of war. War disturbs, defects from daily occupations and interests, and makes civilian people unstable, frivolous, wasteful, reckless as to the future. That is when the war is near, and when one has got used to it. Only far off war is a terrible thing. The civilian here copies the soldier who is frivolous to his marrow. Shells burst over his head, and he crouches in a trench and tickles with a straw the nose of a comrade's neck, care of war orphans. But even in charity, the frivolous spirit appears. A committee appealed for warm dresses for refugee women. Out of every ten dresses sent in five were ball dresses or society dresses with trains.

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of tourists went past the Novogorodsk fortress nearly as far as Plock. A volley of bullets came. Two were wounded. Some men, who had been put ashore to look at German lands. All Poland is like this. After a battle has raged a week in their villages the villagers get used to it and cheer into the firing line. Many have been killed. Even the refugees are merry while on the road.

Merriest of all are the rich refugees who have come in here or are coming here after their chateaux have been burned. At Lowitsch is the famous Arcadia Palace, which belongs to Prince Radziwill and has tons of statues and pictures. When Hindenburg began to advance on Lodz a dozen West Lalsch landowners met at Lowitsch. They had lost nearly everything, but they turned up in state in handsome carriages with outriders. They brought their families and a hundred servants. As Lowitsch was crowded by the staff they decided to take possession of Arcadia Palace. They arranged themselves in the palace and put up some of their servants in Sawly village, which is close by. For three days there was continuous eating, drinking and dancing. Some rich lady, who was arranged, and gamblers who had ready money lost it.

On the night before their leaving for Warsaw the refugees gave a ball. They had the cheek to invite the Russian staff, but the staff was engaged in dealing more than dancing. On the ball night the Germans attacked along the Bzura river and a cavalry squadron, with horse artillery, got near Lowitsch. The artillerymen assumed that the brilliantly lighted palace was occupied by the Russian staff, and they sent into it a dozen shells, which smashed the roof and the left side of the facade. The merry fugitives put out the lights, and as the enemy lost the range they danced in the dark.

Early next morning the refugees started for here. The Germans again shot the palace. On the way a refugee woman complained that she had left behind a fan. M. Tiersnowski, a landed magnate from Petrofok, sent through the shells to fetch it and had his head blown off. Another Pole went back to see what had happened. He buried the body and came back with the fan. At Wiskitka, half way between Lowitsch and here, was held another dance. Two refugees quarreled over a woman and fought a duel.

Warsaw's great misery is not the war, but the fact that it cannot get a drink. The authorities are sternly imposed the new sobriety laws. A five-thousand-dollar fine was imposed on the last man detected selling brandy. Governor General Engelhardt threatens that the next lawbreaker will be sent to jail for two years. The drink famine gets worse and worse. First you can get anything except vodka. State vodka sold in Poland contains 55 per

cent of alcohol, and is much stronger than Russian. Later you were forbidden to buy wine, and now even beer is prohibited. Six breweries, two of them German, are closed. The only drinks now are in Count Zamoyasky's "blue palace," in the Bank of Poland, where bottles of wine. A burglar made a hole under the street, broke into the cellar and carried off 250 bottles. These were sold at an average price of \$20 a bottle.

In the streets are some drunkards of working class. The police pounce on them, carry them off to the rathaus and send them to jail for three months. These workmen get drunk on ether, can de colorate and furniture polish. Only a Polish stomach would stand furniture polish. The army is abundant sober. There is no wine on any general's table. This is a change from Manchurian days. Then champagne dined his water.

Warsaw's levity offends some good people, especially the Catholics. The Catholics think that the Germans are thundering men should not be gambling, and that does not come on Warsaw as chastisement for its sins. In the Church of the Annunciation, one of the city's most famous (it holds the heart of Sobieski), Dr. Pichmann, rector of the church government, preached a sermon in which he declared that frivolous Warsaw is tempting Providence. He said that Kaiser Wilhelm may have been chosen by God to test whether in the hour of peril we will act as good Christians or as Neros, who dined when his capital was in flames.

Some critics men resented these remarks and they began an inquiry to show that frivolous Warsaw is immersed in the new sobriety laws. There are three Christian and two Jewish committees looking after refugees, twenty organizations for the care of war orphans. But even in charity, the frivolous spirit appears. A committee appealed for warm dresses for refugee women. Out of every ten dresses sent in five were ball dresses or society dresses with trains.

All this is in the psychology of war. War disturbs, defects from daily occupations and interests, and makes civilian people unstable, frivolous, wasteful, reckless as to the future. That is when the war is near, and when one has got used to it. Only far off war is a terrible thing. The civilian here copies the soldier who is frivolous to his marrow. Shells burst over his head, and he crouches in a trench and tickles with a straw the nose of a comrade's neck, care of war orphans. But even in charity, the frivolous spirit appears. A committee appealed for warm dresses for refugee women. Out of every ten dresses sent in five were ball dresses or society dresses with trains.

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